

## A Tale of Two Beasts

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Summary: The story of the lives of two young Bewilderbeasts. Some minor spoilers from HTTYD2, rated T for safety.

## A Tale of Two Beasts

\*\*I got this idea after the second time I watched HTTYD 2. I sat around for a month, wondering how I would write it, and then I remembered all of the documentaries I watched as a child on Animal Planet and Discovery Channel (back when they were still what their title proclaimed them to be and when I had no friends that weren't related to me). There will be spoilers in later chapters. Hell, there may be spoilers in this chapter. And when it comes to the info on Bewilderbeasts, I made most of it up as I went, although I do intend to get on the How to Train Your Dragon wiki at some point to cross reference what I say. I do not own How to Train Your Dragon. This is just the first chapter of what I intend to do, but I'm waiting for a response. And for the death of writer's block.\*\*

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><p>The lair of the Bewilderbeast is generally crafted by their icy breath, sometimes formed against a mountain or cliff. In this particular nest, a conglomeration of walls of ice and stone in which thousands of dragons from hundreds of species thrive, it is the end of mating season. The eggs are beginning to hatch.<br>The nest's queen, alongside the patriarch of another nest, looks down on their offspring. These are the Bewilderbeasts, the Kings of the Dragons, who are exceedingly rare due to infrequent breeding and the small number of eggs per brood. This particular batch, laid and fertilized by the only two Bewilderbeasts for hundreds of miles, consists of only two eggs. As is the way with dragons, the mating of two leaders from two nests will combine the two factions into a greater whole.

>Dragons of all shape and size have gathered around to watch the young royals hatch.<br>The eggs begin to crack as the younglings' tusks, only nubs right now, poke through the eggshell. The tusks will

grow without stopping until the dragons' death, as will the beasts themselves. From the first egg emerges a young dragon, larger than most hatchlings with a slightly brown tint to his white skin, who immediately turns to nip at a Terrible Terror that happened to be a bit too close. From the second emerges a slightly smaller dragon who looks up at his parents, then turns to survey the surrounding ring of his nest-mates. Both have the feathery, headdress-like frill that marks them as male. Standing at about three and four feet tall at birth, they will go on to be gargantuan alphas if they survive adolescence.

>The father of the new pair bellows out a roar that shakes the icy walls and the mountain that supports them. His mate does likewise, prompting all of the other dragons in the cave and for miles around to raise their own voices to welcome the young princes into the world.<p>

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><p>Months pass, and the young brothers are ready for their first hunt. Unlike most dragons, Bewilderbeasts have no wings. Instead they have large fins that start behind their head and taper down their tail. Therefore their hunting is mostly done under the sea. The elder of the two, now standing at about eight feet, looks down at his little brother (about six feet) and lets out a series of low grunting noises, a draconic "chuckle." He then turns to the ocean and dives in.<br>The point of entry is well hidden, deep under the water in an undersea cavern that leads into the network of tunnels that was the basis for the nest. The hole is plenty big enough for even the largest of dragons to come or go by, but it is largely inaccessible to humans. A smaller hole at the top of the great icy spires marks another exit for those dragons with a distaste for water.

>Another splash, followed by much larger noises that words cannot describe, signals the coming of the rest of the family into the water. As the younger members of the hunting party begin to propel themselves through the water using their fins as rudders and tails to power their forward motion, they are swiftly overtaken by their parents. A school of startled Thunderdrums scatter as the regal group approaches through the dark water. Above the waves, the thousands of dragons from the combined nests swarm, waiting for what they know comes next.<br>The two eldest Bewilderbeasts swim downwards, their speed incredible despite their size, with their great mouths wide open. Hundreds of fish are captured in the dragons' descent before they are even aware of the danger. The great dragons then swim towards the surface with equal speed, opening their mouths and spitting out their bounty for the waiting flock. They then descend again to gather food for themselves, this time with their offspring following behind.

>When the quartet resurfaces, the younglings experience two things which they have never seen before. The first is a series of about a dozen strange objects that float on the water. They appear to be made from trees and have little pinkish-tan things running around on top of them. Humans. Specifically, Vikings. This fleet is the first to ever come this close to the nest of these particular dragons, but this is not an accomplishment, due to the second of the new things that the younglings observe.<br>The King of the Dragons is a title given to the Bewilderbeasts not only due to their size and their ability to control other dragons, but also because of their sheer destructive power. Dragons in general are as afraid of humans coming to their nests as humans are of dragon attacks on their villages, and the patriarch of this particular nest has seen the death and

devastation that humans can bring to dragon nests before. This time he intends to strike first. A threat killed is no threat at all.

>Exclamations come from the crows' nests on the ships, a call to arms in case the dragons attack. Being a ten-story monster with tusks as long as some buildings are tall, he shouldn't be too badly injured by these puny longboats. He swims beneath the fleet, out of the sailors' view. Frantically, the crew of the lead ship scurries about, trying to get a visual on what is almost definitely the largest dragon they've ever seen. Their wish is granted, though not in a way that any of them would have liked. The Bewilderbeast's tusks rise on either side of the longboat, almost tipping it to the port side, and a blast of ice bursts through the center of the ship, followed by a very angry dragon. The boat splinters and crew members fly in all directions. This is the other new experience for the younglings: their father is furious, and slightly afraid of these humans.<br>The remaining ships open fire, and the left flank of the beast is punctured by a few lucky arrows and bastilla bolts that manage to puncture its thick hide. The vikings frantically reload, trying to get another shot off before they lose another ship. They would never get the chance.

>The mother of the two young Bewilderbeasts breaches the ocean's surface behind the fleet, roaring in anger at her mate's minor pain. The aforementioned mate does the same on the opposite side. Continuing to roar, they each release torrents of ice from their mouths which collide somewhere near the center of the remaining ships. The freezing blasts meet and begin to spiral upwards and down, reaching the bottom of the ocean at one side and ascending to the heavens on the other. The men and women on the ships scream as they are either frozen solid or flung from now-flying ships. A few of the less fortunate land in the water near the newly-made ice spire as the male attacker roars, and three schools of aquatic dragons come to find any and all stragglers. There are no survivors. The nest is safe once again.<p>

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